be happy Lady, for you are like an honourable father.

Be. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not haue his head on her shoulders for all Messina as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, signior Benedicke, no body markes you.

Bene. What my deere lady Disdaine! are you yet liuing?

Bea. Is it possible Disdaine should die, while she hath such meete foode to feede it, as signior Benedicke? Curtesie it selfe must conuert to Disdaine, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is curtesie a turne-coate, but it is certaine I am loued of all Ladies, onelie you excepted: and I would I could finde in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truely I loue none.

Beat. A deere happinesse to women, they would else haue beene troubled with a pernitious suter, I thanke God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that, I had rather heare my dog barke at a crow, than a man sweare he loues me.

Bene. God keepe your Ladiship still in that mind, so some Gentleman or other shall scape a predestinate scratcht face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, and twere such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrat teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beast of yours.

Ben. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. but keep your way a Gods name, I haue done.

Beat. You alwayes end with a iades tricke, I knowe you of olde.

Pedro That is the summe of all: Leonato, signior Claudio, and signior Benedicke, my deere friend Leonato, hath inuited you all, I tell him we shall stay here, at the least a moneth, and he heartily praies some occasion may detaine vs longer, I dare sweare he is no hypocrite, but praies from his heart.

Leon. If you sweare, my lord, you shall not be forsworne, let mee bidde you welcome, my lord, being reconciled to the Prince your brother: I owe you all duetie.

Iohn I thanke you, I am not of many wordes, but I thanke

Leon.

Leon. Please it your grac
Pedro Your hand Leon
Exeunt. Manet
Clau. Benedicke, didst t
Bene. I noted her not, b
Clau. Is she not a mode
Bene. Do you questio
for my simple true iudgeme
after my custome, as being
Claudio No, I pray thee
Bene. Why yfaith me th
too browne for a faire prais
lie this commendation I ca
then she is, she were vnhan
is, I do not like her.
Claudio Thou thinkest
truelie how thou lik'st her.
Bene. Would you buie
Claudio Can the world
Bene. Yea, and a case
with a sad brow? or doe yo
Cupid is a good Hare-find
Come, in what key shall a n
Claudio In mine eie, s
lookt on.
Bened. I can see yet with
matter: theres her cosin, an
exceedes her as much in be
last of December: but I ho
band, haue you?
Claudio I would scarce t
contrarie, if Hero woul
Bened. If come to this
man but he will weare his c
see a batcheller of three scor
needes thrust thy necke int
sigh away sundaies: looke,

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